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SEP 13 1944

DETROIT

PUNCH



AUGUST
2
1944

Vol. CCVII
No. 5401

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN

*Kayser Underwear
fits because
it's tailored*



... and all Kayser-Bondor
stockings are full-fashioned

*Unexcelled
for
Tea Time Sandwiches*



**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL LTD**

Y.M.C.A.

BACK TO FRANCE

Four years ago the Y.M.C.A. Mobile Canteens — what were left of them — came with the B.E.F. to the beaches at Dunkirk. They served there until the last van had been destroyed and until the last of the stores had gone.

To-day the Y.M.C.A. stands ready to go back to France with our liberating armies. New Mobile Canteens have been constructed, equipment for Clubs and Hostels has been assembled, the first teams of workers have been recruited and specially trained. But service to the Forces this time must be on a vastly greater scale.

Help the Y.M.C.A. — every shilling you can spare is needed NOW.

Donations may be sent to the Lord Mayor of London, Acting President of the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund, The Mansion House, London, E.C.4, or to the Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund, 10, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh, 12

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)



What are
AUSTINS
doing?

Before the war he devoted his skill to machining components for Austin vehicles. To-day he is pushing on with production of vital supplies for the fighting forces. His work, like the rest of Austin's vast contribution, is of the first importance. That is why it must remain secret till the war is won.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM



**NO
'Golden Shred'
J.R.
instead**

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED."



Fruit is controlled, but quality cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

**It's Robertson's
-you can depend on it!**

JAMES ROBERTSON AND SONS (P.M.) LTD.
Golden Shred Works
London Paisley Manchester Bristol

Note these Facts

RHEUMATISM has one thing in common with Neuritis, Headache, Toothache, Sleeplessness, 'Flu and Colds:

its manifestations of pain are safely and speedily relieved by two tablets of 'Genasprin'.

The exact causes of Rheumatism have yet to be discovered by medical science, but it is known that salicylate therapy has a beneficial action on the disturbances of uric acid metabolism associated with certain types of Rheumatism: 'Genasprin', therefore, combats these conditions as well as giving sure and speedy relief from the pain that accompanies them.

Only an absolutely pure form of aspirin can be relied upon not to depress the heart or upset the digestion. 'Genasprin' is absolutely pure: it will not produce any harmful after-effects. You can get 'Genasprin' from any chemist at 1/5d. and 2/3d.

At any time of strain or pain 'GENASPRIN' sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Limited, Loughborough, Leicestershire.



HOLDING THE FORT

Dear Mr. Gerald,

Thank you very much for your letter which was very warmly received. You will indeed have many things to relate about Persia and Iraq, upon your much wished for return. Also you will be surprised to find me writing upon a typewriter which I have been lent to cope with my very multifarious duties in the H.G. This week, every morning I have helped McGregor in the garden, now that he is single-handed. I have greased the car on the chocks. I have oiled your cricket bat and cleaned your gun. Your squash racquet, however, has been lent to some officers near here as I knew you would have wished.

That, with some firewatching, and the H.G. has filled up my week, except that I stopped the Housekeeper from giving your grey Ascot top hat for salvage, and made her replace the mothballs inside it. If you will excuse the sentiment, Sir, that hat is a symbol of the England which goes on for ever, even if sometimes interrupted. It will therefore remain in abeyance like the six bottles of Rose's Lime Juice I am keeping for the celebration, consequent on your return.

I must stop now to help Cook to peel the potatoes which in peacetime would be most derogatory, but not so in days of national austerity.

Yours faithfully,

Albert Hawkins
Sergeant, Home Guard

ROSE'S — There is no substitute

Service Assured!

A few reasons why Employers of Labour are attracted to the

"MIDLAND EMPLOYERS',"

the LEADING office for Workmen's Compensation Insurance.

- STABILITY . . .** Safeguards Employers and Employees alike.
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Head Office: 16, Waterloo Street, Birmingham, 2

Branches all over the Country.

General Manager: Allan S. Barnfield, O.B.E.

PREMIUM INCOME EXCEEDS £3,306,715




Valstar
"66" Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE VALSTAR "66" RAINCOAT—SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED.

J. MANDLERBERG & CO. LTD.
WULFORD WORKS, SALFORD 6, LANC.

BENSON and HEDGES
Old Bond Street W

makers of fine cigarettes and smoking tobacco offer

DUTY FREE

to members of H. M. Navy (Ships in commission only), H. M. Forces Overseas, and to Prisoners of War.

SUPER VIRGINIA	SPECIAL MIXTURE
500 for 17/-	1 lb for 8/-
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delivered free

Send full address with remittance to Benson and Hedges (Overseas) Limited, Dept. H.M.P. 43 Old Bond Street, W.1



BROLAC and MURAC, paints famous for their lovely surface qualities and lasting protective powers, may not be made today. War has produced new paint problems and special needs, with prior claim on high-grade materials and the skill of our chemists. But the post-war BROLAC and MURAC will benefit from these years of valuable research and emerge even better equipped to brighten British homes.

BROLAC

DOUBLE PROTECTION PAINT
with the enamel finish

MURAC

MATT FINISH FOR WALLS

JOHN HALL & SONS (Bristol and London) Ltd., Bristol · London Office and Warehouse: 1/5 St. Pancras Way, N.W.1
The Strathclyde Paint Co. Ltd., Dalmarnock, Glasgow

Don't let Summer sap your Energy!

If you find the warm days—and nights—"taking it out of you," just when extra duties or added strain are increasing your need of strength, try a course of Yestamin. Pure, dried, de-bittered Yeast—that's Yestamin. A genuine, drug-free vitamin food—amazingly strengthening and protective. Not a temporary stimulant, but a steady and progressive builder of health and vitality. A powerful tonic, none the less, and the natural foe of such common ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Anaemia and Depression. Yestamin purifies the blood and greatly assists the assimilation of other foods so that they do you *more good*. That's why it is best to take Yestamin at meal-times. Start on it to-day, for renewed Strength and Vigour at negligible cost.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN VITAMIN YEAST TABLETS & POWDER

1/1d. & 3/- per bottle. | 1/4d., 2/3d., 4/- per tin.

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD.,
BURTON-ON-TRENT.



Little and good!



You get a lot
of goodness
out of a little

Hovis

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
Macclesfield

ANZORA

"MASTERS THE HAIR"

Does not soil hats or pillows



*Colour
Flattery*

CREATED FOR YOU BY

ATKINSONS

When lovely woman stoops to the folly of using a thick, heavy face powder, the result is a dead, mask-like make-up. But pretty women who are wise use Atkinsons No. 24 Face Powder, a fragrant powder that gives an exquisite, velvety tex-

ture to the skin and brings it to life with lovely, harmonious colour. That's because each Atkinson shade has been blended to match the living skin tissue. And Atkinsons Powder is as clinging as chiffon; so try it for charming all-day beauty!

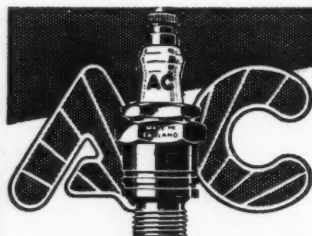
Price 2/1 and 4/2 (including Purchase Tax)

Shades: Rachel, Naturelle, Abricot, Ambree, Ochre-Rosee

No. 24 FACE POWDER

BY ATKINSONS, 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

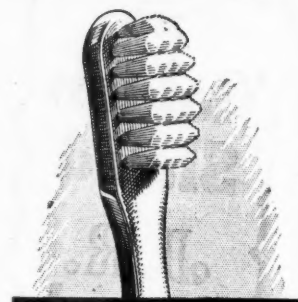
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MADE IN ENGLAND

*as always—
a quality product*

EVERYBODY WANTS A...



Tek TOOTHBRUSH

The strictly limited supplies are being fairly distributed—but disappointments are unavoidable.

SO DON'T BLAME YOUR CHEMIST

BRISTLES: 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5d.
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Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.,
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RATTRAY'S OLD GOWRIE TOBACCO

Many discriminating pipe smokers have found Rattray's tobacco simply by trial and error, but having found it they have become firm friends of their pipes as well as the tobacco. This unasked-for testimonial proves this statement—if proof is needed.

A customer writes from Bletchley—"In your Old Gowrie tobacco, I sincerely thank you for a clean, sweet, and altogether delightful smoke."

Obtainable only from

Chas Rattray

TOBACCO BLENDER
Perth, Scotland
Price 48/- per lb. Post Paid
Send 12/6 for sample 1-lb. tin, Post Free.

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Obtainable only on your
Preserve Ration

THE BEAR HONEY CO. LTD.
Branch of L. Garvin & Co. Ltd.
ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX


 By Appointment
Cerebos
Salt of crystal purity

*Whenever I see hands in a stocking,
 I think :
 "Ab—*

Aristoc!

Sigh no more, lady.
 The fruits of victory will include a plentiful supply of lovely, clinging Aristoc. Meanwhile we are making the best possible war-time stockings — *Aristoc Utility* — and a few *Raystoc* and *Aristile*. Supplies are limited, but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

FINE GAUGE FULL-FASHIONED STOCKINGS

PIMM'S
Nº1
*The
 one and only
 original
 Gin Sling*




China and Glass




*an interesting collection
 can always be seen at*

Finnigans
OF BOND STREET
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LONDON · MANCHESTER · CAMBERLEY · TRURO



Birthday
SHOES



Correctly fitted at
SAXONE
 Shoe Shops

ROSS'S
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GINGER ALE
 SODA WATER
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LIME JUICE CORDIAL
 LEMONADE
 GRAPE FRUIT

Gone to-day, but here to-morrow



MY PEACE TERMS

A new type of government
for Germany . . .

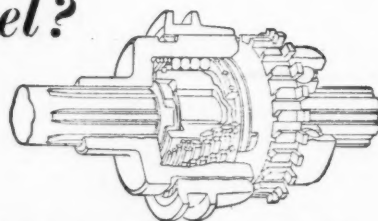
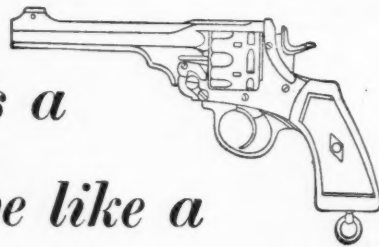
A fresh set of chair covers...

. . . and back to fresh
butter, cream cheese and
Crawford's Cream Crackers

Crawford's BISCUITS are good biscuits

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH, LIVERPOOL & LONDON

*When is a
four-five like a
freewheel?*



The .455—popularly known as the 'four-five'—is of course the famous Webley Revolver, familiar to officers of H.M. Forces all over the world. But nowadays the Webley factories produce mechanical appliances in many other forms, and here again they are known for first-class workmanship. A typical Webley job—and there is no higher praise in engineering circles—is the Automobile Freewheel shown above. Just one instance of how the precision standards of Webley guns are now applied to fine limit work of many kinds.

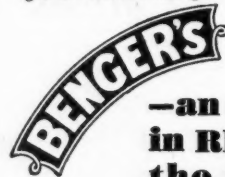
Webley

PRECISION ENGINEERS SINCE 1790

WEBLEY AND SCOTT LIMITED, PREMIER WORKS, WEAMAN STREET, BIRMINGHAM 4

Toad in the hole — dominoes in the basement

COOKED-UP FOOD hastily consumed in over-crowded cafes is giving people indigestion who never had it before. REST the digestion and you provide the right conditions for it to protect itself. Follow this simple rule: After a tiring day drink a cup of Benger's Food. It will soothe your stomach and give it a chance to recover. Benger's provides the warmth and nourishment you need whilst giving your digestion rest and strength.



—an essential factor
in REST-THERAPY—
the natural treat-
ment for Indigestion

BENGER'S, today, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all Chemists and high-class Grocers — The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.

HOW DID THE TREE GET INTO THE BOTTLE?



Recently, because of the war emergency, the words "synthetic rubber" have come before the public eye. Yet, in actual fact, the first substance resembling the natural rubber that grows in the rubber tree, the first synthetic (or substitute) rubber to come out of the Goodyear laboratories, was produced as long as 17 years ago. And the same painstaking application to research which evolved the first cube of synthetic rubber, and which indeed constitutes the very life-blood of progress itself, is to be found to-day — as it is always — inside the Goodyear research laboratories.

In the new world that we are all to-day fighting to win — and for which Goodyear is everywhere battling in the front line — Goodyear will continue to play its part. That part, if the Goodyear research scientists have their say, will be the building of a life which will be easier and happier for more and more people.

Another

GOOD YEAR

contribution to progress



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVII No. 5401

August 2 1944

Charivaria

"HITLER will have to take his medicine," says a writer. Pictures of the Fuehrer have always seemed to indicate that he had just done so.

A plan to cut Nazi divisions by one-third has been propounded by General Fromm. He is understood to have made a lifelong speciality of subtraction.

The present Brains Trust series has come to an end. When resumed later in the year it is hoped that it will clash with the peace.

Bananas have appeared in Moscow shops. This is the first semi-official confirmation of the rumour that Rokossovsky's forward patrols have reached the West Indies.



Defeatism

"IN FIRE EMERGENCY—BOLT"
Notice on shop door.

A monkey at the Zoo has taken to throwing nuts at people who watch him. The Zoo animals have now been warned against feeding the spectators.

The fate of many a German general now hangs by a neck.

"The vast majority of income-tax payers give no trouble," says an official. After the main attack has been launched there remain a few isolated pockets of resistance to be mopped up.



The extraordinary meeting of the Bulgarian parliament summoned recently was something of a fiasco, so it has been officially described as an ordinary meeting.

The anti-Hitler plot may have diplomatic repercussions. At any moment the German embassy in Eire may openly declare allegiance to the Nazis.

The death is announced of the Fuehrer's half-brother. It was felt in this country that the news could have been a great deal better.

The recent outbursts of patriotism reported from some parts of Germany seem to suggest that even the Gestapo can't be everywhere at once.

It is perhaps as well that foreigners who praise our unfaltering calm in these days of stress and crisis are not present when the chief fire-watcher of a group makes a mistake in compiling the duty rota for the week.

"October in the Straits," stated a recent *News Chronicle* heading. That may be true, but the weather certainly hasn't improved much anywhere else.



Quick! Quick!

"Whitley Bay. Exceptional Corner House in Flats on Promenade, Sale: Upper flat 6 rooms, bath vacant."

Advt. in local paper.

London school-children have been evacuated for the second time to the same reception areas in the Midlands. The youngsters were interested to note that their old hosts had not entirely lost their Cockney accents.

Enter a Messenger

"SIRE, there has been an accident."
 "Say on."
 "A hell-hound brought a small attaché case
 Marked 'Dangerous' and placed it in the room
 Wherefrom he took a lethal instrument
 And hurled it at you. But by act divine
 Of Providence the place whereon you stood
 That little sacred portion of the floor
 Made out of common deal to be preserved
 Like the gold shrine of some anointed king
 For men to kiss and weep and marvel at
 Remained undamaged. General Korten died,
 And all the rest were out of windows blown
 Defenestrated to a single man,
 Their uniforms in patches and in shreds
 Strewn by the rough wind round about the street
 A most peculiar spectacle, as when
 The leaves of Vallombrosa——"

"Do shut up!
 Why should I be endangered by a bomb?
 I have been bombed before. The German people
 Count me as blast-proof. Could not some old dog
 Have risen suddenly and snarled with rage,
 His hackles pointed, growling at the door—
 Could not the front of Goering's loyal frame
 Have interposed itself against a dagger,
 Or Mussolini, my most noble friend,
 Have made a shield to guard me, or some child
 Bearing a bunch of flowers with wistful face
 Detained me from the fatal conference room,
 Or the old Nordic god of war himself
 Suddenly striding, helmed, into the press
 Have struck the miscreant down, stood at my side
 And turned the edge of the assassin's sword?
 Are there no cinemas in Germany
 Able to mount such incidents as these
 That I must always be the sport of bombs?
 Who bombed me?"

"It was Count von Piffelheim.
 The bomb was made in England good my lord.
 The desperado who designed the deed
 Entangled with the aristocracy
 Of that foul island. Pieces of the shard
 Are very clearly labelled 'Birmingham.'
 "I see. I take it that I was not scathed,
 I need not wear a bandage on my head
 Nor go about on crutches."

"Happily no."
 "And all the criminals are caught or named?"
 "The plot is foiled. The murderers are dead."
 "Tell Dr. Goebbels that another time
 He might do better than a measly bomb,
 But I should like to see the photographs
 When they are ready."

"Excellence, I go
 To do your bidding."

"And before you leave
 Pass me that plate of chocolate éclairs
 And yonder volume of astronomy:
 This miracle, I take it, must be known
 As soon as may be on the microphone." EVOE.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Letter from Normandy

DEAR BILL,—All personnel may now notify their relatives and others that they are in France. I will risk saying that I personally am in Normandy. Sorry to have been so slow in writing. It is quite impossible to excuse. I could have written hundreds of letters. Every man in my company has written hundreds of letters. Corporal Denim, in fact, averaged twenty-two per diem, until he was attached to the C.S.M. for all possible duties.

Even Private Tappet, who was always considered to be illiterate, has beaten me. However, Tappet uses a style which would probably not satisfy your requirements. His letters invariably run as follows:

"Just a few lines, ducks, to tell you I am O.K., but send some fags. We draw seven a day and smoke ourselves to death, ha, ha. They are just shouting come and get it so will close now hoping it's not biscuits again.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXYour Loving HubbyXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 XXXXXXXX ITALY XXXXXXXX FRED XXXX HOLLAND XXXX
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX S W A L K XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX"

Anyway, we have plenty of time for writing, as we appear to be carrying out our normal duties satisfactorily but with amazing ease. You will remember Exercise SCRAM back in England, when for nine days we had a total of nineteen hours' sleep, when the tail of our column rarely got into a new location before the head started moving on again, when we were dive-bombed every fifteen minutes by squadrons of umpires and shot up hourly by infiltrations of black-faced desperadoes in caps, F.S. Well, it is now generally agreed that war is far more peaceful than any Exercise.

This morning, however, Driver Bonnet reported to me that our location was being shelled. I had not noticed it, but I was prepared to believe even Driver Bonnet in this case, because a medium battery has its gun positions a bare hundred yards away and I can never tell if a shell is coming or going, the noise and blast being apparently equal at both ends of the operation.

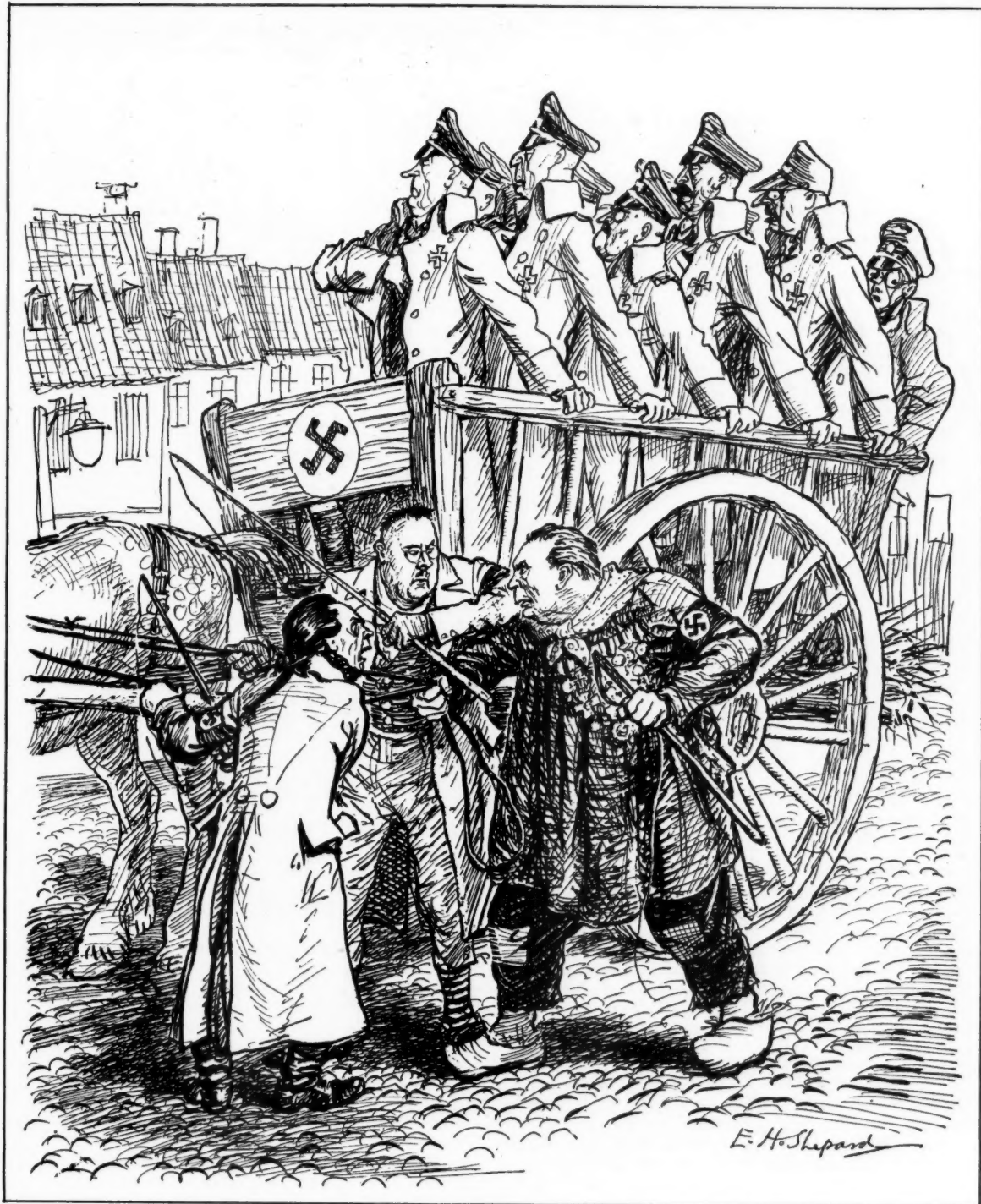
Close questioning for five minutes drew from Bonnet the possibility that a maximum of two shells might have fallen a minimum of two hundred and fifty yards away, so before carrying out a personal reconnaissance I rang up H.Q. to give a warning shelp.

The Colonel himself took the call and told me (a) not to be a blank fool; (b) that I was a blank fool; (c) that we were well beyond the enemy's range; (d) that it must have been bombs, as his batman had just seen a Heinkel; (e) that it was about time I found out the blank facts instead of wasting his blank time with unconfirmed reports.

I had just succeeded in starting my motor-cycle when Sergeant Scrimnet reported that Jerry had been mortaring us. If Driver Bonnet thought it was shell-fire it was just about what Bonnet would think. He (Scrimnet) had been in the infantry for eight years and knew what mortar-fire was. Bonnet, who was still following me around, thereupon stated very categorically indeed that he'd been a gunner for nine years and knew what shell-fire was like, he hoped.

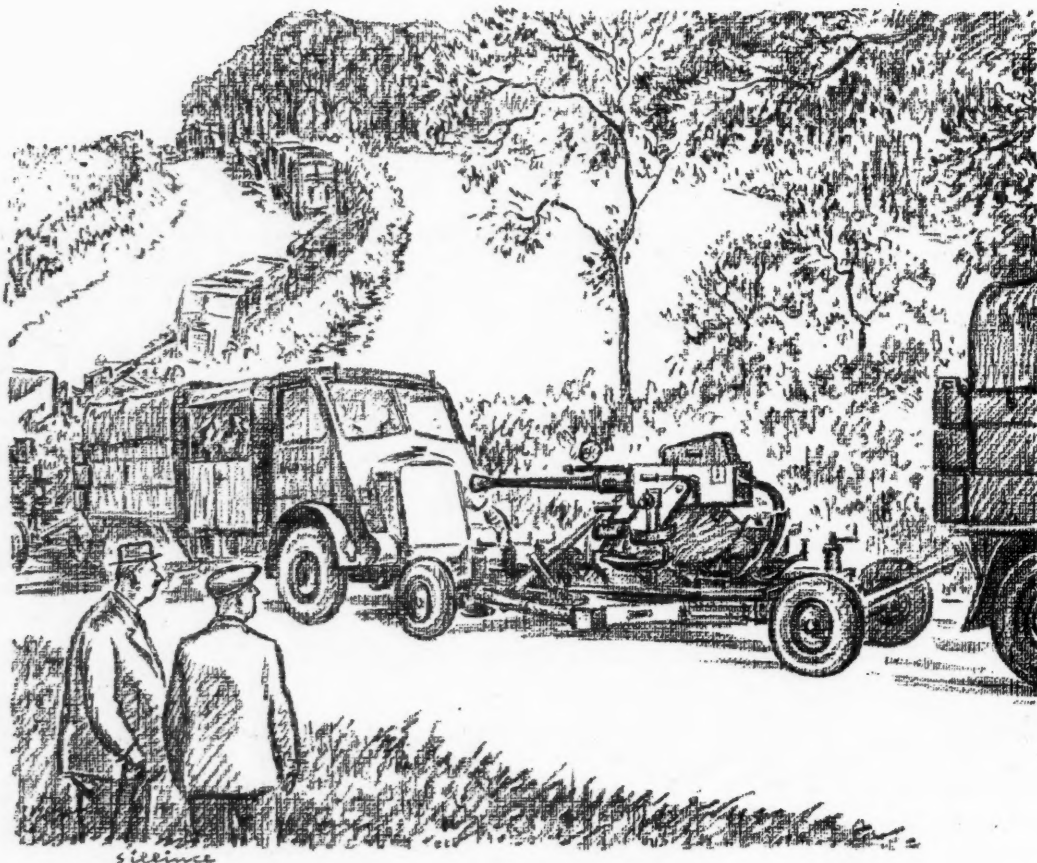
I mooted the idea of bombs, whereupon Scrimnet smiled so pityingly that I told him to ring up the Colonel personally and say we were being mortared from short range.

I again succeeded in starting my motor-cycle and got as



THE TUMBRIL

"He said $\begin{matrix} 1 \\ 1 \\ 1 \end{matrix}$ was to drive."



"Well, if they haven't already got it they certainly deserve the right to go through the City of London with bayonets fixed."

far as the gate, where the sentry stopped me to say that two rockets had missed him by ten yards. No, he hadn't seen the plane. It must have popped back into the clouds quick, like.

Searching the suspected area, I found a small party of Sappers "brewing up" behind a haystack and inquired if they had noticed any shelling. The sergeant stared and then grinned. They were using small charges to blow gunpits for A.A. machine-gun posts, he explained. He hinted that possibly some non-R.E. personnel might have been ignorant enough to mistake this for shell-bursts.

On my return I found Sergeant Scrimmet had been put in close arrest by the Colonel. I presented the sentry with a large and unmistakable rocket and put Bonnet on cook-house. I then rang up H.Q. to report the false alarm and got five days' Orderly Officer from the Colonel.

Well, old boy, I must close down now as tea is "up." Cheer-O!

Yours,

KIT.

P.S.—Tea-milk-and-sugar powder again! One of the horrors of this war. One of the cooks spilt his tobacco-pouch into the tin the other day and the result tasted much better, but of course we don't get enough tobacco to do that often.

Lines to No Lady

YOUR face was sweet enough to launch a fleet of buses.

(I wish it had.) Also I liked your hat.
Do you remember me, the little man in glasses
(last Thursday night), dim and a trifle fat?

Dear lady, your technique was simply marvellous—
the nimble side-step and the quick cut-in
(it may be you have Rugger Blues for brothers),
the powerful hand-off, and the kick you gave my shin.

I wonder if perhaps it eased your conscience,
when you'd jumped the queue and got on to the bus,
to think no doubt another bus would follow?
Well, if it did, it didn't; hence the fuss.

Forgive me if I hope that They withdraw you
from whatever occupation you pursue
and direct you to become a bus conductress.
Your face was sweet—but you're a menace in a queue.

Lady Addle's Domestic Front

Bengers, Herts, 1944

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS, —My memories of tea will have to be assembled without the help of Mipsie, for the whole subject brings her such nostalgia for Rumpelmayer's in the Rue de Rivoli—the only place where tea has ever given her real pleasure—otherwise, she says, it is a cheap meal—that I hesitate to reopen old wounds. The famous *salle de thé* holds a special romance for her, for it was there that a Russian prince, after taking her to tea every day for a fortnight, shot himself at her feet because he couldn't pay the bill. "Ah, Blanche," poor Mipsie said when we were discussing it this morning, "we shall never see those days again. Nowadays nobody has enough money to do what they can't afford." I felt the bitter truth in her words, and stole out of the room, leaving her to her sad thoughts.

My first remembrance of tea is sitting in a beautiful Hepplewhite high chair and banging on the tray with an engraved silver spoon. Not, I believe, that I would have cared a fig if it had been plain silver. My worst enemy cannot call me a snob, and I had a healthy appetite in those dear childhood days which rose superior to my surroundings. Indeed, I recall an occasion when my father, during one of his bi-annual visits to the nursery, discovered me and the vicar's daughter innocently eating off an earthenware dolls' tea-set, and how furious he was! "No Coot ought even to be aware that earthenware exists," I remember him saying, as he ordered the offending tea-set to be removed and a china one instantly brought instead. It was years before I dared to criticize my father, but now, in the light of modern thought, I think perhaps his action was a little extreme. I cannot see why the vicar's daughter should have been forbidden earthenware.

My next remembrance concerns a cousin of ours, Mary Twynge, and my younger brother Humpo, who was an incorrigible practical joker. Mary was always extremely nervous of insects, and Humpo, knowing this, would call out, just as she was about to put a piece of plum cake in her mouth, "Look out, there's an earwig on it!" or sometimes he would point to a bit of peel and swear it was a caterpillar. Instead of curing her of her silly nerves, however, it only seemed to make her worse, and finally she used to take

most of her tea or supper away from the schoolroom and finish it in the privacy of her bedroom. One day there were cucumber sandwiches, and Humpo, knowing this ahead (from Mipsie, who always seemed to get inside information from the footmen), laid his plans accordingly. When Mary had retired to her room he got us to call her out on some pretext, then slipping in he quickly substituted two sandwiches filled with young pale-green newts, which really looked extremely like sliced cucumber. Then when my cousin returned and shut her door, we all crouched down outside, and were soon rewarded by shriek after shriek from Mary, while we stuffed our mouths with our handkerchiefs to stifle our mirth. What guileless trifles do cause amusement to the young!

Unlike Mipsie, I do not scorn tea as a meal, and before the war I prided myself on my teas, especially on the variety of my sandwiches—marmalade and mint, treacle and curry powder, salmon paste and coffee essence being some of my own favourite inventions. I liked to ask a few congenial neighbours in to tea, and watch their faces of surprise as they took the first bite. "It's my own idea. Do you like it?" I would ask. "Yes, Lady Addle, thank you," or "They are very original, Lady Addle," was the invariable answer, so I would know they must have given pleasure to others besides myself.

Our menus are naturally restricted nowadays, but a lot can still be done to make tea an outstanding meal, as the following hints will show.

Cakes. To combat the fruit shortage, try using rose hips, dried sloes or elderberries instead. They are a little hard to bite, but remember what Mr. Gladstone said about that in which-ever year he said it.

For those who love seed-cake and cannot obtain caraways, bird-seed or even grass-seed (only the best variety, such as would be used for a croquet lawn) are useful substitutes.

A word to the wise. If you want to make soda cake or soda bread be careful to use bi-carbonate of soda and not the washing variety. It is a very easy mistake to make—I did it myself—but it somewhat spoils the flavour.

Fancy things are less easy to achieve, but I have managed glucose brandy snaps (using liquid glucose of course), blanchmange éclairs (stuffed with packet shape instead of cream) and shrimp roll, which is of course nothing but Swiss roll made from a bought sponge

mixture, filled with shrimp paste to save jam, so no one can say I am not venturesome.

Lastly, there are still scones, oat-cakes, girdle-cakes, etc., to be made, and how delicious these simple things are. I have a special fondness for all Scottish bakery myself, as befitting the wife of a Highland laird, and knowing how dear everything from Bonnie Scotland is to Addle too, I thought I would give him a surprise of some girdle-cakes for tea. I have no girdle (one of our little evacuees naughtily threw it in the pond after I had specially cooked him some oatmeal biscuits for his birthday), but I improvised one from one of Addle's curling stones, heated in a very hot oven which gave the cooking an extra Scotch connection somehow. I was a trifle nervous of telling my husband this, as he used to treasure the curling stones greatly, and always polished them on Sundays before the war. So I said nothing until he had helped himself to a girdle cake. Then I asked: "What do you think I call these cakes?"

"Alfred the Great cakes, I should think, my dear," Addle said. (He had picked rather a black one.)

"No," I answered triumphantly. "I call them Curling cakes," and then told him the reason. For one moment I thought he was upset, but he only rose and rang the bell.

"Crumpet's forgotten the whisky to-day," he said.

"My dear boy," I remonstrated. "Whisky at tea-time!"

Never shall I forget his answer.

"Only to celebrate, my dear," he replied. "To celebrate your new girdle."

And then people say that husbands are unsympathetic about house-keeping! M. D.

Short Raid

SIRENS should sound when Cynthia is around. Though man be twice her age and very sage, let Cynthia but appear and danger's near.

Here comes the engaging flirt, and there goes the Alert.

"Cynthia, what's that you say? Engaged? Announced to-day? Congratulations, dear—and listen: the All Clear."

At the Pictures

HISTORY AND PREDICTION

The Great Moment (Director: PRESTON STURGES) is about Dr. W. T. G. Morton, the discoverer of ether anaesthesia, and ends with what a preliminary subtitle calls "the incandescent moment he ruined himself for a servant girl and gained immortality." Unlike the last Preston Sturges picture, which was a roaring farce, it has only intermittent scenes of fun; nor does it "have you reaching for your handkerchief," in the elegant phrase of the blurb for the Plaza's next film. In its mixture of comic and dramatic moods perhaps it most resembles *Sullivan's Travels*, without going so emphatically overboard on either side. It is an interesting, sometimes funny and always entertaining picture, though not what one might call a "first-rate Sturges." The great moment itself, the story's climax, seems a bit self-conscious, a bit trickily done for so sentimental a situation; but even that, as you see, raises interesting problems. The picture is well worth seeing—for its sheer entertainment, which because of the speed and skill of its direction is continuous; for the playing, comic and serious, particularly of that invaluable old standby, WILLIAM DEMAREST; and for the facts of its story, which in spite of the statement that Dr. Morton "gained immortality" were probably quite unknown to most of you.

I think more highly of the new René Clair picture, *It Happened To-Morrow*, than do some of the critics. It is an unpretentious little piece and I enjoyed it, recognizing the reminiscences of the early Clair works (the protagonists sheltering from the rain, the gossiping old people in the lodging-house, the playing with "silent" technique when the sounds of a scene

are cut off or drowned by others) but untroubled by any feeling that they would have seemed infinitely better if the film had been French. I don't think they necessarily would; though naturally the chances are that a

possibilities are not profoundly explored, and perhaps there is no incident that you might not yourself have imagined in the circumstances, given the "spring" of the plot; but the film has a pleasant freshness and makes an unusually gay impression. Here again, among the generally competent and skilful players, is another invaluable old standby who lights up the screen whenever he appears—JACK OAKIE.

Several other new ones have appeared since my last notes, but there seems to me to be not much worth writing more than a few lines about. With a strong cast, a good director and a fine cameraman (JAMES WONG HOWE), *Passage to Marseille* (Director: MICHAEL CURTIZ) ought to have been worth seeing; but it struck me as invincibly second-rate. There are two remarkable things about it: one is the odd statement in a sub-title at the beginning, "To millions of Frenchmen, France has never surrendered," and the other is its use of what might be called a double-mirror flashback. The story is told by a Free French captain to a newspaperman; in that story, a man picked up by a ship years before tells a long story (which we see in flashback) about a Guiana penal settlement, and in *that* story, one of the convicts tells a story (which we see in flashback) about the earlier life of another. Too much (as I once heard a film-character say) is enough. . . . As for *The Murder in Thornton Square* (Director: GEORGE CUKOR), I think all possible publicity should be given to the fact that this Hollywood version of PATRICK HAMILTON's play *Gas-Light* is nothing like as good as the 1940 British version, now dutifully destroyed by the British producers. INGRID BERGMAN here is good, and the whole thing is adequately done; but I hate the thought that a much better piece of work was thrown away to make room for it.

R. M.



[The Great Moment]

PANEL PATIENT

Dr. W. T. G. Morton JOEL MCCREA

director will do best with his native material. The story is based on a fantastic idea about a young reporter at the end of the last century who has the chance, for several days, of seeing to-morrow's copy of his paper, twenty-four hours ahead of anyone else. The

beginning, "To millions of Frenchmen, France has never surrendered," and the other is its use of what might be called a double-mirror flashback. The story is told by a Free French captain to a newspaperman; in that story, a man picked up by a ship years before tells a long story (which we see in flashback) about a Guiana penal settlement, and in *that* story, one of the convicts tells a story (which we see in flashback) about the earlier life of another. Too much (as I once heard a film-character say) is enough. . . . As for *The Murder in Thornton Square* (Director: GEORGE CUKOR), I think all possible publicity should be given to the fact that this Hollywood version of PATRICK HAMILTON's play *Gas-Light* is nothing like as good as the 1940 British version, now dutifully destroyed by the British producers. INGRID BERGMAN here is good, and the whole thing is adequately done; but I hate the thought that a much better piece of work was thrown away to make room for it.



[It Happened To-morrow]

LATEST

Pop Benson JOHN PHILLIBER
Larry Stephens DICK POWELL

Flying Frills

(By Our Military Correspondent)

SECTION by section the wonders of the invasion are being unfolded. I have recently been privileged to inspect some of the latest specially equipped aircraft and gliders now operating in the service of our gallant lads overseas.

Perhaps the most interesting was the "Flying Naafi," as it is called. This consists of a large glider, very completely fitted out. The tow-rope connecting it with its towing aircraft is made with a hollow centre-section. A current of hot air from the engines of the tug is passed down this conduit and utilized in warming the water for the Naafi tea. If by any chance the tea should become too hot, a simple pipe, of conical cross-section, is extruded from the side of the glider and the blast of cold air coming in directed on to the surface of the tea.

The rock cakes are stored on belts under the floor boarding and the simple pressure of the foot on a catch releases a spring which throws a cake smartly upwards from floor level. The slab cake serves a double purpose. It is used as padding for the seats in the body of the glider and, when removed, can be conveniently replaced by the crew's parachutes.

Large supplies of Spam are carried. One incident on D Day shows the wide variety of uses to which Spam can be put. A Flying Naafi, by a slight error in navigation, landed in a field occupied by the enemy. Hastily throwing up a barricade of Spam tins, the crew were able to hold out for thirty-six hours until relieved by the advancing infantry. Whenever the Germans came too close, two or three tins of Spam thrown among them would cause such wrangling over the contents that for the nonce their attention was distracted from the main purpose of their attack.

It is not generally known that, in default of more usual ammunition, a tin of Spam makes an excellent 3-inch mortar projectile.

Another useful fitment is the Legal Welfare Component, consisting of a portable desk, locker, forms rack and lawyer, all of special lightweight construction, which can be fitted in any standard glider.

By this means, any legal queries from any of the troops carried in the glider can be dealt with on the spot by the lawyer and a start made with the completion of the essential forms

(printed on ultra-thin air-mail paper). It is safe to say that on few previous invasions have the men of the assault forces been able to initiate proceedings for divorce or take out a summons for assault whilst in actual flight. By a special arrangement with the Law Society, no fees are charged by the commissioners for oaths operating in this service.

The pilot of the glider is sometimes specially trained in pay queries and is able to unravel his passengers' financial problems while navigating them to victory.

Another well-planned special piece of equipment is the double cinema projector (airborne portable type), which, again, can be fitted to any glider. The advantage of the double projector is that on approaching a heavily defended area an instantaneous change-over to a comic film can be made, with the result that the roars of laughter from the delighted passengers often drown the sound of the flak.

The most elaborate of these special aircraft is the Flying Magazine.

This is a transport aircraft entirely devoted to the production of a news magazine containing every possible Army feature. One of the pilots is the cartoonist; the navigator, naturally, is the cartographer. The wireless operator is the radio critic, and his pungent comments on some of the less reliable of the meteorological broadcasts will long be remembered in Service circles.

Behind the navigating compartment is the composing room, fully licensed, deriving power from the two inner

engines of this big four-engined machine (incidentally, only one of the four engines is used for actually flying the aircraft. The third supplies electric power to the photographic studio, of which more anon). The compositors are all well-known figures in the Home Guard.

The editorial staff are located amidships, with miniature glass-topped tables and using a special design in typewriters incorporating a small parachute built in beneath the main ribbon-feed toggle. News is gathered either by direct observation while in flight over the battle area or picked up from carrier-pigeons (trained by Reuters) at a rendezvous in mid-Channel well known to both pigeon and pilot.

The distribution section uses the normal flare-chute method of dispersal.

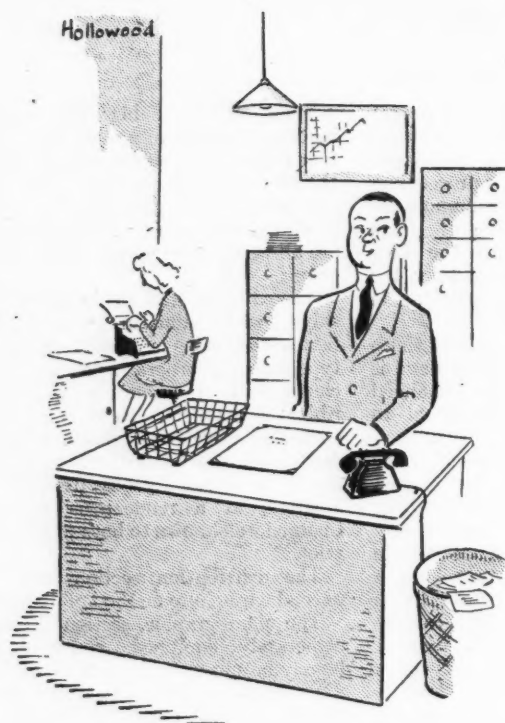
The photographic section is most elaborately equipped, concentrating largely on pin-up girl production. The pin-up girls are stowed away in a bulkhead in the tail, secured in bundles of six, and are jettisoned by parachute when the process of photography is completed. Several of them have been returned through Army Post Office channels and are now in service again.

The whole project has been voted a very great success and a duplicate aircraft is now in course of preparation.

Space forbids a full list of all that modern science is doing to supply the details that, unessential in themselves, are part of the cement that binds the morale of an Army into a thing of granite. But science is marching on.



"And what's more, she'll play it ALL with only one finger."



"All Clear? According to my counting that makes nine All Clears to five Alerts—better, much better."

A Prisoner's Correspondence

(From Oflag IX A)

ONE of the simple pleasures of being a prisoner is the rich and varied correspondence one receives from friends, relations, and often from perfect strangers. These fall into several fairly well-defined classes.

(1) The kind of letter which tells you all about the people you want to hear about, if only the Censor would let you.

To Capt. W. Smith, P.O.W. No. 5, from Lieut.-Col. Charles Richmond, The Secret Service Club, Pall Mall, W.1.

MY DEAR BILL,— . . . very bad luck your being put in the bag . . . I expect you would like to know what has happened to everybody. . . . George is now [redacted] and [redacted] with [redacted]. Henry W. has got a [redacted] and is training hard in [redacted]. Wilfred has done remarkably well, and hopes to [redacted]

[redacted] Well, I think you are pretty well in the picture now, so I will ring off. Yours ever

CHARLES.

(2) Almost equally common is the letter which gives you a lot of information you could very well do without, but

which the Censor and your young brother think you ought to have.

To Capt. W. Smith, P.O.W. No. 5, from Major Reginald Smith, Little Bunsets, Chesham Bois.

MY DEAR STODGER,—How are you? . . . As you see, I am now a Feeld Officer (is that spelt right?). . . . Who said I would never get a Commission! It's bad luck your being a P.O.W., old boy: as with sixteen years' service you would either be commanding the Home Guard or a Major-General by now. However, I know how you feel, as Willy King, who was in the Lower 4th with me when the war broke out, has beaten me by a "pip." He is now a Wing-Commander in the R.A.F. He says he passes your place most nights, and nearly dropped some eggs on you last week by mistake. . . . Don't worry, as I expect he was pulling my leg.

Yrs.

REGGIE.

P.S. We finished your last bottle of "bubbly" yesterday. It seemed a pity to waste it. I expect they will be making it again by the time you get back.

(3) Here is one from Aunt Julia, who only really comes into her own during a war.

Ilkely Manor, Kent

MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . You don't say what you are doing with your time? You will have plenty of time now for study and serious thought. I hear there is a University at one of the Camps. How splendid, and what a chance for you to get a good degree! . . . Only the other day I met a man who was a prisoner in the last war—of course he is slightly queer in the head—but he now speaks seven languages.

I expect you are already quite fluent in German? You must take up Russian and Polish next . . . so useful. I must hurry away now to another Committee Meeting. . . . Dear boy, I envy you your opportunities.

Your affectionate aunt,

JULIA.

P.S.—I was at the Savoy last week for John's birthday



William Sculley

"I shall have to have to-morrow off, Mr. Boom—I've to answer a summons for being away yesterday."

party. We saw your fiancée. She is such an attractive girl, and was having a tremendous success with some of our brave fighter boys. I wish you could have seen her.

(I have never really cared for my Aunt Julia and this only serves to confirm it.)

(4) One quite unexpected and faintly astonishing result of being captured is that for some unknown reason one receives a fan mail.

From Miss Ursula Jones, 25 Acacia Road, Esher

DEAR CAPTAIN SMITH,—I hope you will not be frightened at a letter from a stranger. . . . I feel sure you must be ever so lonely. . . . I am quite young (28), blonde, and fond of dancing, the "fiks" . . . but I can be quite serious too, and do enjoy a good read or a nice concert on the wireless. Do write and tell me what your interests are. . . . It is a fine spring day here, and the cows are moaning in the fields . . . little flowers peeping through the grass. . . . I feel very sorry for you shut up alone in your camp in the spring. I love the spring, it makes me feel so larky.

Sincerely yours,

URSULA JONES.

(Note.—Loneliness is not a general complaint here. There are nearly 2000 officers in this camp, and most of them seem to live in my room.)

(5) The already grave difficulties of forming an accurate impression of what life is like at home are not greatly assisted by the following epistle from Uncle Ernest—a wealthy old bachelor who has had his own way for far too long.

The Dyspeptics Club, 504 Piccadilly

MY DEAR BOY,— . . . although I am naturally sorry to hear of your misfortune, it may well be a blessing in disguise. Life here is fast becoming intolerable. You would never recognize the country now. Everything is grossly expensive, especially cigars, while port is almost unobtainable. It took me two hours yesterday to buy a dozen razor-blades and some caviare. . . . Never see anyone I know, and the place is full of a lot of infernal foreigners. I can't understand why the Government doesn't send them somewhere where they can get some fighting. Presumably that's what they came here for.

Your affectionate uncle,

ERNEST.

(6) A slightly different impression from Cousin Kate in the A.T.S.:

DARLING BILL,— . . . my poor sweet, I am sorry for you. Life here is simply marvellous . . . never had such fun. I drive a general about all day, he is a perfect lamb, with whiskers, and I adore him. Life is very gay, lots of parties. All the restaurants and night clubs packed, and marvellous "swing bands." . . . I was learning to be a "Jitterbug," but now I like the Free French best, so Gallic and dashing . . . of course it's all quite different from when you were at home.

Love from

KAY.

(7) On the whole, I think the letter I liked best was the one I received a few days ago from a *grand blessé* recently repatriated.

MY DEAR BILL,—England is grand, just the same as ever . . . we had a marvellous reception . . . everyone is unbelievably kind . . . shops full of stuff, wonderful food everywhere and plenty of it. Everyone is working extremely hard and very long hours. I saw your fiancée . . . curiously enough, she still apparently thinks you are

something quite exceptional. Don't worry about being out of touch . . . I feel as if I had never left England, and I have only been home three weeks. . . . Any moment now!

Yrs. ALBERT.

P.S.—I wrote to your Aunt Julia and told her you were fluent in Hindustani, Chinese and Afrikaans. Hope I wasn't overdoing it?

In Their Proper Perspective

"6.21.PM.TOM BOMBING TONNAGES.

IN VIEW OF THE DISCREPANCIES WHICH HAVE APPEARED IN REGARD TO A MAY BOMB TONNAGES IN EUROPE THE FOLLOWING TABLE SHOULD HELP K TO PUT THE FIGURES IN THEIR PROPER PERSPECTIVE.

MAY JOORRMK FROM BRITISH BASES. BRITISH TONSJM

R.A.F. (? 9. ? 34 : 9. . . , \$ 37,000

U.S. 8ETH AIR FORCE 32,000

ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY AIR FORCE.

(TONNAGES DROPPED BY 9TH U.S.JN AIR FORCE, R.A.F.

2ND T.A.F./ - \$ -D.G.B.). 20,000

FROM MEDITERRANEAN BASES.K"—From a club teleprinter.





"We're closing now for our annual stocktaking. Perhaps Madam would care to return in about five minutes."

The Phoney Phleet

LI—H.M.S. "Static"

TORN from an arduous career
Of pure research in dehydra-
tion

Relieved infrequently by beer
James Toot was called to serve the
nation.

He chose the Navy. Why?
Why not? (And so say I.)

His scientific trend of thought
Impelled him to examine deeply
The way the naval war was
fought;

Could it be better done, more
cheaply?

Were we tradition-bound?
Our cooking, was it sound?

At last the problem clarified,
The Toot meticulously proving
Our gunnery to be cock-eyed—
Our warships fired whilst they were
moving;

They ought to stop, heave-to.
Whatever it is you do.

Would big-game hunters try to stalk
And shoot, let's say, a charging
adder

While practising the Lambeth Walk
Or steaming up and down a ladder?
No fear! They stood their ground;
The victim fooled around.

Soon Fate found something more
concrete
To back this erudite allusion.
Toot's ship, the *Static*, chanced to meet
The German fleet in some profusion
Here was the acid test—
Toot's theory *v.* the rest.

He bellowed "Stop!" A Fritz whizzed
past
And shot away his bridge. He
shouted

"Anchor! Cease to move! Make
fast!"

And yet again was *Static* clouted.
Three most unhealthy clouts,
But Toot still felt no doubts.

Wallop! (his funnel). Never mind,
He'd soon be—Crash! (that was the
galley)
And then he'd pay this back in
kind—

Bang! (port propeller)—show these
bally
Fritzes just what it meant
To—Crump! (the whole ship
went).

Before a most distinguished Court
Toot gave a lucid dissertation,
Helped by a slide-rule, a retort
And other aids to navigation,
Even a rheostat.
He got a bowler hat.



AFTER TEN YEARS

"So *this* is how you hold the frontiers of Germany!"

[Hitler became Fuehrer on the death of Hindenburg on August 2nd 1934]

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, July 25th.—House of Commons: Surplus.

Wednesday, July 26th.—House of Commons: Apology.

Thursday, July 27th.—House of Commons: Forgiveness on the Way.

Tuesday, July 25th.—Since someone with the right idea planted a bomb in Hitler's conference room last week and succeeded in performing on that dignitary the ancient schoolboy ceremony of "de-bagging," the House of Commons has eagerly awaited news of developments of the domestic trouble in Germany.

So when Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, the Foreign Secretary, walked into the House to-day with a wad of papers under his arm, everybody expected what the Sunday Press calls "sensational revelations." Mr. EDEN certainly seemed to be pleased with something, and the excitement grew as a none-too-exciting Question-time dragged on.

And then Mr. GREENWOOD asked whether there was anything new from Germany. Mr. EDEN got up so slowly that everybody thought he was loaded down with news. With great deliberation he went to the table and put down his papers. Then he announced that . . . there was nothing particularly new to say.

Because the only information they had on the subject came from the German Government—not noted for its strict veracity—Mr. EDEN and his colleagues did not feel able to make any considered statement on the events.

Then he added, a note of brisk optimism slipping, apparently unbidden, into his tones: "We may justly draw encouragement from the news of the recent dramatic developments, *but*—it should spur us on to further activity to ensure Germany's final defeat *in the field* at the earliest possible date."

The words "in the field" were heavily stressed, and M.P.s (recognizing the Government's determination that the German leaders should not have a second time an excuse for blaming a civilian "stab in the back" for military defeat) cheered.

Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister, mentioned grimly that the Allied forces in Normandy had made their contribution to this defeat in the field by killing some 20,000 Germans, and taking another 57,750 prisoner.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, for the

Ministry of Home Security, had to defend the black-out (which, to do her credit, she did with the barest minimum of official enthusiasm) and Major VYVYAN ADAMS, who admires HITLER and the black-out about equally, asked aggressively on whose advice the Minister was acting.

Miss WILKINSON stepped forward demurely, smiled disarmingly at the Major, and replied: "On the advice of . . . our advisers!"

This variant of the one about archidiaconal functions went very well, and e'en the Major did not bother to forbear to laugh.



" . . . Bring me my new bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow."

The President of the Board of Trade.

The House went on to discuss one of those events which will occur when we have defeated the Germans "in the field"—the disposal of surplus Government stocks.

Mr. HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, has never made any particular secret of his belief that the disposal of surplus stocks after the last war might—well, might have been better handled. So he had brought forward a scheme under which all surplus stocks are to be let out slowly, and then only through the usual trade channels. There would, so Mr. DALTON ruled, be no profiteering, because there would be tight control of prices.

All this was on a very high level, and dignified too. Then the Minister (Eton and Cambridge) recollected that he

owed a duty to colloquial language, and spoke of those who had "muscle in" on the market in surplus goods last time. He added that this time, however, there was nothing doing in that line.

Some Members seemed to find it a little strange that a Socialist like Mr. DALTON should be planning to *dispose* of Government property, instead of increasing the hold of that august body on everything. Mr. ELLIS SMITH, who was the Front-Bench speaker for the Labour Party, followed the same surprising line. Not less surprising was his estimate (he did not say how he arrived at it) that at the end of the war this country would have at least £2,000,000,000 in State-owned assets.

With an evident twinge of political conscience he did add that the Government ought to have presented a scheme for the use of the surplus goods which should form the basis of "several five-year plans." One thing he did not want disposed of as surplus was the Ministry of Production, which, however, he wanted turned into a Ministry of Economic Development.

The discussion went on all day, and in the end Mr. DALTON's great jumble sale was duly authorized.

Wednesday, July 26th.—It fell to Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Home Secretary, to record one of the rare slips made by the Civil Service, and the House was perturbed by it. The Home Secretary reported that, by an oversight, there had been failure to lay before the House—to give it a chance to reject—some twenty-two regulations made by him regarding the National Fire Service.

Such regulations do not need affirmative approval, but Parliament must be given the opportunity to reject them within twenty-eight days. Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHEY, Sir IRVING ALBERRY and other Conservative M.P.s who have all along objected to "Minister-made laws" assumed expressions which clearly said: "There you are, we always warned you this would happen!"

Unhappy and ill-at-ease, Mr. MORRISON apologized for the lapse, explained that the Regulations would be placed before Parliament at once, begged the Commons' pardon.

Normally, frank admission of fault and apology bring ready forgiveness in the Commons, but to-day the House was not in generous mood. Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE asked the question everyone wanted answered: "Has anyone suffered injustice as a result of this oversight?"



"If the lady called Helen will please return at once to her husband . . ."

"I don't think so," said Mr. MORRISON.

Colonel WALTER ELLIOT, who had been fuming on the Conservative benches, jumped up with the angry comment that Mr. MORRISON had chosen his own time and manner for the statement, yet came to the House without a definite answer to the thing that mattered most—whether any subject had suffered wrong as a result of the overlooked formality.

Mr. MORRISON mildly pointed out that life had been, for him, pretty hectic of late—and got his first consoling cheer.

Members of all Parties showed a proper anxiety that no injustice should result from a Whitehall error—however rare, however formal—and that any injustice there had been should speedily be righted.

Mr. MORRISON promised to look into the matter more closely and to report.

Thursday, July 27th.—After a night of legal indigestion, shared with the Law Officers of the Crown, Mr. MORRISON announced that he proposed to bring forward an Indemnity Bill to cover his sins of omission—and of commission, if any—in *re* the N.F.S.

It was of course immediately dubbed "The Morrison Shelter Bill." Such things are inevitable.

Hullo!

THE child said hullo mummy and hullo daddy and its parents thought it a very clever child for saying so.

Later on it said hullo sheep whenever it saw one and its parents, who kept a library of books on Child Psychology, said no dear, you mustn't say hullo to things like sheep that can't answer back, it's silly.

The child bided its time and when next an important general came to tea it said hullo daddy to him, and, when its mother said you mustn't call the general daddy darling, it smiled sweetly at the general and said hullo sheep.

After the general had gone both parents hurriedly turned up in their books all the chapters headed FRUSTRATION, and next time they saw a sheep they said to the child, say hullo sheep, darling.

The child accepted its victory with becoming modesty.

Sheep, however, soon bored it and it turned to buses. Whenever it saw a bus it said hullo bus, and when it was taken in a bus it said hullo bus to all the other buses it met.

Its parents were soon rather tired of

this and said it's all right saying hullo to people, darling, and even to sheep, but it's silly to say hullo to things that can't answer back, like buses.

The child said but they can, the other day one did.

The parents fumbled about to find the chapters headed IMAGINATION and said what do you mean, darling, one did?

The child said I said hullo bus and the bus said hullo you back at me.

The mother said but you've never been on a bus without me, darling, and a bus has never said hullo you when I've been with you.

The child said ah, but that time I was by myself on a bus.

The mother said don't tell fibs, dear.

The child said this was in the middle of the night when I was asleep.

If it had known how it would probably have added foxed again, you see.

The mother said don't be silly, darling, grown-ups like daddy don't say hullo to things that can't answer back, they only say hullo to people, turn on the wireless, Harold, it's time the child was in bed, it's too late for the News but you may get the War Report.

The wireless said we are taking you over to Normandy . . . Hullo, B.B.C. . . . hullo, B.B.C., this is . . .

Little Talks

BUT this is barbarous! It is not to be borne!

What is the matter? And for that matter, who are you?

Don't be ridiculous! I am Adolf Hitler.

I dare say. But who is he?

My dear von Bumpf, you were one of my generals.

Generals? Hitler? Oh, yes, I remember something. You're the man who was always shooting his generals. But in that case, why am I here?

You stood by me. Bless you, von Bumpf!

Then what are you complaining about? I must say, the food here is excellent.

Complaining? Do you realize where you are?

I'm in London. I'm the Gauleiter of London.

You're not. You're in a madhouse. *A madhouse? Oh, no. The whole place is perfectly normal. I've just had a chat with Hermann Goering.*

Goering? Is Goering here?

Well, it looked like Goering. He was making paper darts. He likes the grub. The grub?

You sound disappointed. What did you expect?

I expected a martyr's death. I expected a tremendous trial. I should have made speech after speech from the dock, confounding the judges, tying the prosecutor in knots, amazing everyone. At the end I should have marched magnificently to the scaffold, not turning a hair, the wonder of the world. I should have gone down to history as Hitler the Martyr, Hitler the Great.

Jolly good show.

Silence, idiot! Instead of which they send a scruffy little doctor to me who certifies me as a lunatic—me, Adolf Hitler!—and shuts me up in this horrible place.

Well, I don't know. The food's very good.

Imbecile!

I don't think that comes very well from you. And kindly remember that I'm your gauleiter.

Is Ribbentrop here?

Oh, yes. Goebbels too. I think you're all here.

Imagine the humiliation of the German people, to be told that all their rulers were insane!

I don't think it will startle the Army.

The Army? I'll show the Army! Where is Himmler?

I couldn't say. Here's Goering. Goering, this man's complaining.

Always the little fuss-pot, weren't you.

Where's Himmler?

Don't you know what happened to Himmler? In July they announced that for every flying bomb dropped on England one Gestapo man would be lashed to a doodle bug and discharged into the Atlantic. And they've done it. Himmler led the procession.

Impossible!

They have about thirty-five minutes for reflection.

You must be mad.

Well, that's what they say. I sometimes think there may be something in it.

Here's the doctor!

Doctor, I demand to be released from this place. I am no more mad than you are.

Now, let's see, who are you, little man?

I am Adolf Hitler.

Yes, yes. But we have no name like that on the books, I am sure. Let me see your label. Ah, yes. Schicklgruber.

My name is not Schicklgruber! I am Adolf Hitler, the greatest figure in history.

A good many of our guests have similar fancies.

Fancies? I tell you, I caused more trouble than any one man has ever done!

Maybe. Maybe. But you mustn't cause trouble here. Now, don't get excited, little man. Just tell me the whole story. Quite quietly.

And don't humour me! I won't be humoured.

Now, now. You say your name is Adolf Hitler?

Of course. I am the famous ruler of Germany. At least, I was.

Now, now. You don't like being "humoured": so I must tell you the truth:

There was never a ruler of Germany called Hitler.

What! But of course there was! My dear sir, I conquered Europe.

Oh, yes?

Don't say "Oh, yes?" in that offensive way. Don't you believe me?

Well, well, go on. You conquered Europe. And what was England doing?

I left England till the last. England was alone, defenceless, without a friend, at my mercy.

I see. So then, I suppose, you conquered her? Unlike Napoleon, you invaded England?

Well, as a matter of fact, no.

But, my dear friend, what a queer thing not to do! What did you do?

I invaded Russia.

Queerer and queerer.

Not so much of the "queer", please.

I'm sorry. But I thought you said you had conquered Europe.

Not counting Russia.

"Not counting Russia"? I see. And while you were invading Russia what did England do?

With characteristic cunning and perfidy she built up her armaments.

Too bad. You hadn't thought of that?

I thought I should finish off Russia in a fortnight.

Oh, yes? Well, so now you were fighting Russia as well as England? What happened next?

I persuaded Japan to attack America.

What happened?

America entered the war.

Against you?

Yes, doctor.

Oh! So now you had three powerful enemies instead of one. Did you think you could finish off America in a fortnight?

You must know, doctor, I was not alone. I had Allies.

Oh, yes? Who were they?

In Europe, the Italians.

Oh, yes?

On the other side of the world, the Japanese.

But they, I suppose, were no use in Europe?

No, doctor. Nor were the Italians.

Still, those were the Allies you chose.

Now, tell me, how did you get on in Russia?

Magnificently. I marched deep into Russia, almost to Moscow—650 miles.

Oh, yes? And then?

I marched out again.

Really? Why was that?

It was necessary. The English and the Americans invaded France.

I see. And what did you do about that?

I used my secret weapon.

And repelled the invaders?

No, no. I did not use my secret weapon till after the invasion.

Really? Are you sure, Mr. Schicklgruber, that you want to leave us? I should have thought the rest and quiet—

I demand to be let out! I am no more mad than you.

Well, well. You were telling me about your secret weapon. Something that swooped without warning, I suppose?



Oh, no. It made a very loud noise, and carried a bright light.

I see. And with this you attacked the enemy fleets, the docks, the troop concentrations?

Oh, no. I bombarded the suburbs of London.

Really? Well, do you know, Mr. Schicklgruber, I'm afraid you'll have to stay with us. A. P. H.

Fewer Facts, Please

HAS the human brain a limited capacity? This question has puzzled mankind and schoolmasters for centuries; and we are still denied a reliable answer. Scientists have given their lives in daring attempts to rob Nature of one of her most closely-guarded secrets. There was Professor Klingenschlank, the mathematician, who locked himself into a small chamber, measuring no more than eight feet by six by five, with a copy of the N.A.L.G.O. Compendium of Modern Knowledge and a variety of stimulants. When, if you remember, his anxious assistants battered down the door of the chamber they found that their master had tunnelled his way to retirement through eight yards of solid concrete. The stimulants had disappeared but the book remained open at page five. Its margins contained the professor's last messages to humanity. The top right-hand corner looked something like this:

$\pi = 3.614307$
 $\pi = 6.319447$
 $\pi = 1.04736$
 $\pi =$

The blank space told its own story.

Professor Klingenschlank had been studying what was for him an entirely new subject—the Sun-Spot Theory of the Trade Cycle. But he had acquired his knowledge at a terrible price, as his feverish computations revealed.

Sigmund Walker's work on the brain produced the first detailed estimate of what he called "Quantitative Fact-Limit Potential." He showed that the structure of the brain imposes a definite limit on its capacity for knowledge and he fixed this limit at 2,371,904 facts. If Walker's theory is sound it means that many of us are struggling against impossible odds. It means that our whole attitude to education needs revising; that we must discipline ourselves to acquire facts in moderation. Walker's theory would explain the inconsistent behaviour of our professors. Many men of genius are quite ignorant of the simpler facts of life. They cannot fill in football-pool coupons or income-tax returns; they have no knowledge of swing music or stock-exchange prices. They become anti-social. They forget to leave tips in cafés; they question an umpire's decision; they walk around without their identity-cards.

But Walker's theory is not proven. His work must be supplemented by that of thousands of independent research workers. Everyone can help. When next you acquire a new fact check up immediately on your earlier knowledge. Find out whether you still know who Jack Horner and Bo-Peep were. If everything is intact you are still short of your 2,371,904 quota and can go on reading and thinking without any fear. Remember, however, that your balance is shrinking every day. Make a habit of asking to see your cerebral pass-book once a month. After all, what profiteth it a man to win a knowledge of relativity and yet lose his seven-times table?



Aunt Emma Can Be Riveted.

"WHEN the boys and girls get home again," said James, bumping a handsome glass beaker violently against the sink, "there will be one question on the tip of every tongue."

"How much are jeeps going to cost?"

"A question which in my view will dominate the whole post-war political scene," James went on, "though you wouldn't think so by the present apathy of the Government. Simply, WHAT ABOUT THE WASHING-UP?"

"What's wrong with the washing-up?" I asked, letting slip through a hole in my tea cloth a faded blue plate which bounced dully on the scullery floor before illustrating convincingly the principle of dispersal. "I'm terribly sorry, James."

"Think nothing of it," he said generously. "It was only Aunt Emma, and I dare say something can still be done for her. She was cracked a long time ago."

"You're telling me."

"What I mean about washing-up is that while in some other directions man has progressed a step or two here and there during the ages, so far as dealing with the awful aftermath of eating he is still exactly where he was. Apart from the fact that this hot water has come out of a tap, we're doing nothing two pillars of the Stone Age couldn't have done."

"I doubt if they had tea cloths with TEA CLOTH on them."

"They probably had very good absorbent grasses that we've forgotten how to grow."

"But surely, James, there are machines for washing-up?"

"There you hit the bull in the eye. You've heard of the Portal house?"

"I've already been and patted it all over."

"Then you will have observed that in spite of their solicitude on the score of feeding, sleeping, cooling, heating and lighting the homing warrior it is the intention of the Cabinet still to condemn him to slosh his earthenware about in greasy pools. Have you ever mopped up in the wake of a juggled hare?" James demanded with a shudder. "Do you know anything more utterly harrowing than a conglomeration of pork chops?"

"There is also something unforgettable about the legacy of treacle tart mixed with cigarette ash in equal parts," I said. And with good reason.

James in his anger rapped a fine

green coffee-pot against the cold tap, which won.

"There goes Uncle Henry at last," he said viciously. "When I consider the patient women who stood about in the deep-field in Victorian basements operating on the relics of the orgies above-stairs I feel that what is left of this century must be freed from such thralldom. The time is ripe—"

"You are talking big, James," I said. "Have you any practical proposals?"

"Listen. Every house in the country must be equipped, with Government assistance of course, with just such a room as I'm going to build on here directly the war's over. It will be a long room with racks all round it to hold the large quantity of crockery and cutlery which I shall buy wholesale. Enough to last us about a fortnight. And at the end of the room will be a powerful machine capable of clearing the decks in half an hour. Imagine what a profound revolution that will mean!"

"I hope there will also be a nail on which you can hang your gas-mask. You'll certainly want to have it handy at the end of the fortnight."

"Well, there'll be plenty of gas-masks," James exclaimed impatiently. "Can you suggest a better plan?"

"I don't know about better," I said. "I once stayed with a Swede who had a house in the country by a lake where he and his charming wife gave magnificent parties. At the end of each meal the dirty plates were piled on a trolley and pushed out on the lawn by the edge of the water. There was a row of clay-pigeon machines there of different calibres, and beside them a gun for each guest and masses of cartridges. Off went the plates, one by one, sailing out over the lake. I can't tell you the satisfaction of putting a load of No. 6 through the earthly remains of one's crayfish."

"What was the shooting like?" James asked.

"That depended on the way the punch was running. Sometimes very good, sometimes very bad. It's temperamental stuff. But either way it didn't matter, for the lake was half a mile across and very deep."

"Your host must have been horribly rich," James objected.

"He owned quite a big pottery. And his guests ate off the throw-outs. A vanful came once a week."

James looked gloomily at the sink, now richly veiled in a heavy amalgam in which green fat, limp onion and the

control surfaces of small fish were the dominant partners.

"I sometimes feel we are very silly to have given up eating with our fingers," he said. "But then what it does to the nails is nobody's business. The more one thinks of it, the washing-up machine has the future wide open."

A sudden suspicion flashed across my mind.

"James," I said, "you haven't sunk Aunt Emma's money in washing-up machines?"

He went across to the stove and turned away his face.

"Coffee's ready," he murmured. "Let's go." ERIC.

Banana—The Return Of

(The arrival of bananas has recently been reported from Moscow.)

FAMILIAR as the sparrow,
Through all the land 'twas seen
On counter and in barrow
Where groceries are green.
The humblest could afford it,
And if in vulgar pride
The plutocrat ignored it
The worse for his inside.

The hiker out a-hiking
Found it a pocket-meal,
One could see bikers biking
Who munched it when a-wheel,
And many a happy tripper
Made of a modest bunch
For self and wife and nipper
A fortifying lunch.

Pealed out the war's harsh trumpet
And blew it clean away,
Since when we've had to lump it
For many a weary day.
I need not tell how deeply
The people mourned its loss;
It stoked them up more cheaply
Than aught you'd come across.

But now—with what glad tidings
The Moscow message runs—
After repeated hidings
Dealt to the homeward Huns
This Food, and sweeter ditty
Ne'er rang to British ears,
In that once leaguered city,
Like magic, reappears.

Then hope, you men of Britain,
That when the Hun reels back
And staggers off well smitten
'Twill end your present lack,
And, when anew you're tucking
In with the old-time heat,
Don't let your brats go chucking
Their skins about the street.

DUM-DUM.

All Ranks

"CERTAINLY our Officers' and Sisters' dance was a success," said Lieutenant Sympson, "but it caused a good deal of feeling among the men. The atmosphere in the men's mess to-day reminded me of the *Tale of Two Cities* where that woman Madame What'shername knitted as the victims passed on their way to the guillotine."

Captain Bales said that he did not believe the masses at the time of the French Revolution were fed on soya links and sweet potatoes, so he did not see how the atmosphere could have been the same at all. Sympson said that he meant the spiritual atmosphere, and that the only way to clear the atmosphere was to have a dance for Other Ranks only.

"I think an All Ranks dance would be better," said Lieutenant Doormouse.

"No," said Sympson. "We shall probably only be able to indent for a score or so of A.T.S., and if the Amenities Hall is packed tight with officers and W.O.s and sergeants the men will not get a look in. Rank may be but a guinea-stamp, but a pip's a pip for a' that."

So we decided with great reluctance that it should be a dance for Other Ranks only.

"Yes," said Captain Bales, "I am sorry to exclude the officers, but as Entertainments Officer I think it will be for the best. You need not be afraid that the men will take your absence amiss. I shall make a little speech at the end to explain the purity of your motives."

Rather a cold silence fell round the bar.

"Why will you be there?" asked Sympson.

Bales laughed in rather a buccaneering sort of way.

"As Entertainments Officer," he said, "it is my duty."

"Naturally," said the Colonel, "the men will expect the C.O. to be there. Personally a good book and a quiet glass of Cyprus brandy is more to my taste, but I trust I shall never lay myself open to a charge of neglecting the men."

"I shall just pop in for a few minutes," said Doormouse, "to organize a darts tournament. As Sports Officer. For the non-dancers, you know," he finished rather lamely.

Captain Ewers, the Messing Officer, said he would have to look in to superintend the sausage-rolls and cakes.



"You haven't by any chance got another piano, have you?"

Potson (Security) said that with a great crowd like that gathered in one room he felt bound to be there with a rattle.

The Garrison Engineer said the lighting arrangements would need his personal supervision. Personally my own title to attend was clear. I am Salvage Officer, and these socials always result in a lot of salvage. Poor old Sympson, however, was the only officer left out in the cold.

"It's hard luck," he said bravely, "but one must accept it as the fortune of war. However, when the other fellows are dressing for the dance I will be free to go and collect the girls from their billets."

He collected them at 1900 hrs. He was held up for two hours on the other side of the ferry, and when he eventually arrived he was obviously a popular figure with the guests. He entered the dance-hall with as much assurance as though he were an Other Rank.

"In what capacity," said Potson tersely, "do you reckon that you are here?"

"Do you mean to say you haven't met Lieutenant Sympson?" said the A.T.S. officer at that moment. "He rescued us when we were held up on the road and gave us a lift here, so we asked him to come into the dance with us. Do you mind?"



"Now I've been promoted you can start hanging it in the hall."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Rosita Forbes

Gypsy in the Sun (CASSELL, 17/6) is the first instalment of Miss ROSITA FORBES's autobiography, and brings the story of her life down to 1935. In that year, she says, she ceased to be a gypsy in love with the sun, and, like many others, became conscious of an appointment with destiny. What happened when she kept this appointment will form the subject-matter of her next volume, which will cover the years from 1935 to 1944. Miss FORBES was strictly brought up by parents for whom, she says, duty was the only thing that mattered—"I think it was something of a fixation. For, at times, surely duty may be modified by a sense of humour and shaped by personal inclination." After divorcing her first husband, Miss FORBES set off in search of the sun, and in the winter of 1920-21 made a remarkable ride across the Libyan desert to Kufra. This feat caught the public imagination, and when she returned to civilized life she found herself famous. The rest of her book is divided between her travels and her meetings with well-known people. She has travelled, often on horseback ("Next to the sun, horses have given me most joy and men least"), in Persia and Abyssinia, in Patagonia, the Argentine, Brazil and Central America, in Russia and the United States, and all over Europe. Had she covered less ground she might have absorbed deeper impressions. As it is, the innumerable landscapes through which she hurries the reader seem little more than a series of back-grounds for Miss FORBES herself, of whom we are given a good many photographs, showing her now rowing off the Lido, now in front of the aeroplane which brought her to Antofagasta, Chile, at Ascot, in British Guiana, on an elephant in Lucknow, on the steps of a tree-house in Travancore. It is less the places she visits than her excitement in visiting them that she conveys to the reader.

Mexico City, for example, hardly lives in the statement that it "went to my head like the fumes of a particularly successful hot punch." Nor is she very happy in her evocation of the famous men she has met. Hitler, she says, had intelligent blue eyes and a simple manner, was unconscious of the wisp of brown hair that fell across his forehead, and when she asked him what had hurt him most in life twisted his hands like a nervous boy and replied "The death of a woman." Touching, perhaps, in 1933; but, all things considered, little calculated to moisten eyes in 1944.

H. K.

Jefferies in Surbiton

One of the most painful features in the literary career is the countryman's migration to London in search of cultural surroundings and bread-and-butter. These twin urges are apt to give us novels as bad as Hardy's *Laodicean* and essays like the comparatively unremunerative nineteen sponsored by Mr. SAMUEL J. LOOKER in *Richard Jefferies' London* (LUTTERWORTH PRESS, 8/6). Jefferies' London was predominantly Surbiton, where he lived for five years. In so far as Surbiton was a suburb, he disliked it. (The villa gardens, he objected, grew plane-trees and cedars instead of oaks and sycamores.) Its remainder rusticity he thoroughly enjoyed—and can communicate his pity for the hard-pressed Thames otter and the last trout in Hogsmill Brook to the most hardened season-ticket holder of them all. His feeling for the "Wen" itself is mixed. Standing by the Royal Exchange, he announces that "there will not be any sum or outcome or result of this ceaseless labour and movement." From Trafalgar Square he hails London as "the only real place in the world." He loathed the Cockney, "the leery London mongrel" as he unkindly called him; but was soundly appreciative of such vanished urban amenities as the claret-cup, with borage in it, "laddled out to thirsty travellers at the London railway-stations."

H. P. E.

The Genesis of "Toad"

The art of writing for children is one of the most difficult in the world, which is no doubt why nursery classics of the first rank can be counted on the fingers of both hands—if not of one hand. So many painful pitfalls await the writer for the most exacting of all audiences, ranging from adult condescension to that horror of horrors, conscious and laboured whimsicality; and the shattering sincerity of childhood is an Ithuriel's spear for the detection of what the late Mrs. Ewing termed "stuff." *First Whisper of the Wind in the Willows* (METHUEN, 6/-) is the story of how the adventures of Mr. Toad of Toad Hall, the egregious yet likeable, and his friends and enemies came to be written, in the form of letters to the author's little son; and how, but for a happy chance, what is probably the most popular children's classic next only to *Alice* might have found its way to the oblivion of the waste-paper basket. There are of course certain differences between this first draft and the book in its completed form—apparently the original Toad had not yet developed his endearing penchant for "messaging about in little boats"—but in essentials they are the same book that was later to take the world by storm. Reference has already been made to *Alice*; and between *Alice* and *The Wind in the Willows*, despite their unlikeness, there are at least two important points of resemblance. One is that indefinable quality of "wonder" to which reference is made by KENNETH GRAHAME himself in an interview recorded in this volume; the other lies in the fact that both were primarily intended for the delight of one individual child rather than for an amorphous something called "the young." Without any *Alice* in ankle-strap

slippers there would assuredly have been no Wonderland; without the child whom Mrs. GRAHAME in her introduction calls "the Listener" the wind might never even have whispered in the willows. C. F. S.

A Cloud of Witnesses

Like every other fighting man, the poet, as war goes on, tends to observe a discrepancy between what he meant to fight for and the use that is actually made of him. That, roughly, is why the conscience-stricken reader of *Air Force Poetry* (LANE, 7/6) will be likely to write his name, a trifle shakily, on the fly-leaf of JOHN PUDNEY and HENRY TREECE's disturbing anthology and stable it next to C. E. MONTAGUE's *Disenchantment*. Thirty-two men of the R.A.F. and one Frenchman have said their say here. Six of them have already been killed; and almost every utterance has an air of valediction—or malediction, as the case may be. Both are justifiable. The sense of a good lad wasted on a "dirty-moted, bomb-soured, word-tired world" is natural enough when—"an average crop, much like the last"—you are bidding it good-bye in your twenties. Indeed it is almost the only wear, unless you regret the natural things you leave—a woman's kisses or the skylark that soared half-way to heaven with you. To crown all, here is humility and compassion: shame for the world that set the task and pity for the world, so like your own, which suffers. H. P. E.

An Original Anthology

This anthology of landscape poetry (*English, Scottish and Welsh Landscape: 1700—c. 1860*, FREDERICK MULLER, 10/6) is not one of those collections of for the most part hackneyed pieces which a reawakened feeling for our country has called forth in too great profusion during the last three or four years. Its editors, Mr. JOHN BETJEMAN and Mr. GEOFFREY TAYLOR, are well acquainted with the lesser as well as the more famous poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and their aim has been to reproduce our inland scenery as it appears not only in the poetry of the illustrious, Cowper and Wordsworth, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, but also in the verse of the obscure, many of them country clergymen, whose verse, as the editors say, evokes the same feelings as the copper engravings or Bewick cuts which may have adorned their works. Here, from a description of a Sussex landscape by the Rev. James Hurdis, is a delightful example of the kind of verse they have rescued from oblivion:

Behold that vale, whose sides are cloth'd with wood;
And here and there a pleasurable spot
Of intersected pasture, with its stack,
Cottage and lodge, few sheep, and grazing cow:
Mark how it mellows as it steals away,
And mingles fainter shadows, softer woods.

It is a pity that the editors did not reproduce contemporary engravings, for Mr. JOHN PIPER's interesting but essentially modern illustrations are not only, as the editors say, "deliberately unconnected with individual poems," but also out of key with the general tone of the book. H. K.

Salutary Rhymes

Mr. A. P. HERBERT's aim in his new book, "*Less Nonsense*" (METHUEN, 4/-), is to ram home certain salutary arguments in favour of "this tiny island" by means of neat and pungent verse, though poetry is always breaking in in spite of him. On the whole, however, the ninety sets of verse are either satirical or funny, and most of them hit

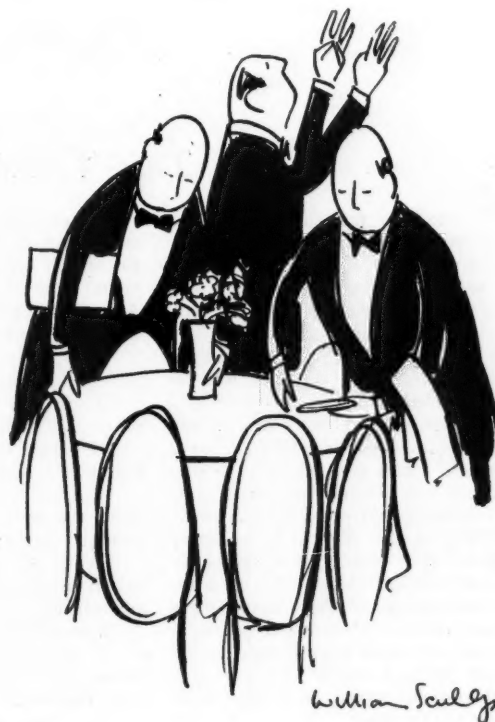
nails that need hitting with a very nice precision. Many a woman to whom the war has brought nothing but exhausting housework will be cheered by the warm admiration of "You Ought to Have a Medal, Mrs. More," and many a fool who praises any country but his own would be nicely deflated if one recited the title poem to him, with its clear-sighted common-sense reminders such as—

"In 1940, when we bore the brunt
We could have done, boys, with a Second Front."

B. E. S.

Pen Awaits Sword.

The Underground Press in Belgium (LINCOLNS-PRAGER, LTD.), issued for the Belgian Ministry of Information, is a cheap paper-covered book, but, as M. ANTOINE DELFOSSE, the Belgian Minister of Justice and Information, says in his preface, "Remember that every line has been written in blood." He refers to it as "pages from a noble book of history; the terrible and glorious history of the Belgian people's resistance to Nazi oppression." It contains extracts from a few of the two hundred and more underground newspapers that appear in occupied Belgium. In addition to these translations there are actual reproductions of twenty of the papers, including the *Churchill Gazette*, but unfortunately the type is badly blurred and so the interest is mainly souvenir. In an introductory apology it is explained that sometimes the writers make mistakes because of the patchiness of their information, but that they never lie because "it is impossible to lie when the words you are writing may in fact be your last message to your own family." There is not space to enumerate these miraculously-produced little papers or do more than give their writers thanks and quote the last lines of one of the issues: "Let us fear neither the enemy's decrees nor the threats of the traitors in his pay." B. E. B.





"Well, what's the excuse this time?"

"There's a C-O-W in my bed."

This Talking at Breakfast

"IT seems to me that news was never so absorbing . . . or so hard to get."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Everything's happening . . . yet there is nothing in the paper."

"H'm—I used to play a game, do you know, in which the idea was to say something which sounded frightfully subtle . . . just like you did just now . . . a real epigram, you might say, yet which, when you boiled it down, meant absolutely damn-all. Mind you, if the others could prove it did mean something, in spite of your best efforts, you were disqualified. And the same if it didn't sound clever. I remember I was once adjudged the winner with a very neat entry. *'Milk fast, cows last.'*"

"What on earth has all this got to do with what I said?"

"It sounded to me as if you were playing that game."

"I was trying to point out that we are living in historic times, and yet we shan't know for perhaps twenty years what is really happening now. And shall probably find then that it was not what we thought."

"But there is plenty in the newspapers if you know where to look for it."

"I am not talking about fish-and-chips. Or liver."

"Are you fond of music? Do you listen to it, I mean?"

"Only if it is so loud that I can't shut my ears to it. Like your confounded wireless."

"Well, let me tell you there is an art in listening to music, as great as in playing it."

"I should think the pay is poorer."

"If nobody could read, there would be no point in writing poetry . . . well, not good stuff, anyway."

"Nor bad, as far as I can see . . .

except that if nobody could read you might be able to persuade them it was good."

"I am trying to make you understand that all these arts bear a message—Painting, Music, Literature—which depends upon the public's perception of its meaning. And so does the morning paper. That is the point. And you just haven't got what it takes."

"Then they have no right to sell the thing without a key to it."

"If you really understood the art of reading the paper you would not need a key. In fact you would read more into a blank sheet than into one crowded with headlines."

"A pity they don't sell me a blank sheet, then. After reading the news I could write home on it."

"The way a newspaper is produced is in itself a code, and the issue of a

blank sheet would mean either that the offices had been raided by the police or that we had given in. Both big news, mind you, and the problem would be how else to convey it to you."

"Or which of the two it meant."

"I used to know a man who would ring up his wife from a call-box and listen for the ringing tone to sound five times, four, or three, before he rang off again. She didn't answer the phone, and each call conveyed a message about his plans for the evening. Quite like a blank sheet of paper, really."

"I should call it a black market."

"You have heard of people who send unstamped letters which the dear ones at home refuse to accept because they know the absence of the stamp means the other crook has arrived safely, and there is nothing in the envelope anyway. The essence of all these codes, you see, is silence. When father comes home from a golf match and keeps quiet, mother does not need to ask who won. And nothing can convey a meaning with greater significance than a young man's obstinate avoidance of the subject when the girl is waiting for him to propose."

"Now, to get back to newspapers..."

"You say there is nothing in them. I say that there lies the news. Whenever Churchill has been keeping a date with Roosevelt there has been no mention of him in the papers at all. You soon twig that, and you turn to me at breakfast and say in a whisper: 'Where do you think Churchill is?'"

"Yes, and you look under the table, and behind the clock..."

"Don't be a fool. If they had said Churchill was visiting the flower show there would have been no kick in that at all. What you have to do is to read between the lines."

"If that's all the fun I'm to get I might as well read it upside-down."

"Can you not follow out a simple suggestion without putting on, that fatuous expression? The paper hasn't said Hitler is dead, so you know he is alive. You can safely turn to me and say with perfect confidence 'I see the old bag is still breathing.'"

"In a few minutes you will have me nearly as crackers as you are."

"It doesn't say Turkey has come in, so you remark to me that you see she is still out. Officers' pay has not been increased. Japan has not asked for an armistice. Leave has not recommenced. Good heavens, man, the rag is absolutely bristling with news."

"Yes... and ALL BAD! Here, you take the ruddy thing. I'm sick of it."

"Thanks, old boy. That's really all I wanted."

Toller Reports

To O.C. B Sqn.

I SUBMIT herewith the required report on my recent short attachment in a Staff position with a view to discovering whether I would make a Staff officer.

I regret the recommendation of my Sqn Commander subsequently appeared not justified so that I have now returned to command 5 Tp; I also regret the disturbance referred to in the camp lines caused by the Tp party kindly organized for the occasion by Sgt Pinhoe when I inadvertently climbed a tree and fell on a tent occupied by a senior officer to whom I further regret I made an insubordinate rejoinder, thinking the tent to be occupied by 2/Lt Stookley, who had left the party earlier with the object of retiring to bed in good time since he was Orderly Officer the following morning but who unfortunately became lost in a field and caused additional slight disturbance by posing as a descended German airman with the idea of testing the initiative of the guard.

With reference to the closing incident of my career as a Staff officer, a report has already been made on this subject in triplicate, a further report in sextuplicate, while the facts have been related in five interviews with progressively senior Staff officers and a

psychiatrist, so that I had imagined the matter closed. I would therefore submit that the present report is not strictly necessary and that, should this be found to be so, the document is not circularized in the manner of a pamphlet for the interest of senior officers and consequent embarrassment to myself, as occurred in the matter of the report furnished on the subject of my respirator dimming up during invasion barge practice, and the resulting attempt to disembark in an excess depth of water when a Light Reconnaissance Car unfortunately stuck in some rocks in a cloudy portion of the sea, the circumstance of the tow-chain being attached in error to a projecting part of a submerged wreck, and subsequent difficulties, not being of military importance nor warranting the publicity accorded the affair, as the result of which I became known as "Starfish" to the prejudice of my position as Tp officer, this leading directly to the incident between members of 5 and 6 Tps during assault course training when Cpl Clegg pushed another Cpl into a wired ditch on hearing himself referred to as a mermaid.

Shortly, the incident in question occurred as follows. Becoming surrounded by Staff matters, with my head full of unit returns and my table covered with papers and files, with the additional strain of the Second Front in which the Tp hoped shortly to take part but in which, as then situated, I was not likely to be directly involved, I one morning grew obsessed with the necessity for sending out to units an urgent demand for an immediate return of Staff tables, and this was accordingly done, my clerk not inquiring the exact nature of this demand since he was supposed to be fully trained in all Staff affairs.

In due course the returns came in. One unit replied that no Staff tables, so far as could be ascertained, were at present held on charge, but that inquiries were being made since it was believed that a Staff table intended for the unit had been delivered in error to a neighbouring Regt. Another reply furnished a list of HQ officers with an apology for the return not being rendered before. Other replies gave schedules of times of work at the units concerned, returns of dining-room tables and office tables, and one unit submitted a diagram showing the chain of responsibility from the Commanding Officer downwards. These

THE MOST IDEAL GIFT

"THEY are the most ideal gift I have received, and just what we need for our job with the winter coming on us. So if you have any more to spare, do not forget us—we have a crew of over twenty."

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replies were filed in a new file entitled "Staff Tables," and I frequently asked my clerk to refer to it when pressure of work proved upsetting and I felt the need to restore self-respect with a short contemplation of the result of my own initiative.

This was the beginning of a number of files. The second was entitled "Mice" and related to the age and sex of mice caught by units in traps, a sketch of which I caused to be circulated as a War Office official invention. This trap could be made from a petrol-tin, and the details of mice caught were intended for onward transmission to the Institute of Biological Research at Wapping, and on several occasions I was forced to deter my clerk from actually forwarding these details on the score that we had not accumulated sufficient information. Mice also began to arrive in small boxes, and on one occasion in an envelope, while a Commanding Officer, visiting the HQ for an interview with the General, personally brought three mice of a type not seen before and which it was subsequently decided were cross-bred from tame mice run wild. In this way the General himself became mouse-minded and gave orders that the whole Staff should have mouse-traps in their rooms baited with an allotment of ration cheese, this leading to correspondence with the Quartermaster which was collected in the same file.

Other titles were "Unit Gardening," "Use of Army Blankets," "Watch-makers, Otherwise Employed," "Cook-house Morale," and "Subalterns, Swimming, Confidential."

Unfortunately a too-thorough commendation of the good work of our department was made by an Allied officer who made a sudden visit while I was in the middle of interviewing a subaltern who could not swim while my clerk took a shorthand note for a pamphlet indented for by units after a sharp inquiry from our office as to whether stocks of this pamphlet were held and being complied with by all ranks, the visitor being prevailed upon to act as a model on the carpet for a floating sketch intended for the pamphlet and afterwards unfortunately sitting next to a Publications Staff officer at dinner, I having been foolish enough to introduce them.

However, experience gained during my short attachment to Staff work should be valuable in the administration of the Tp and I am passing this on to 2/Lt Stookley and Sgt Pinhoe.

(Signed) J. TOLLER, Lt.

A.P.O. England

Notice to All Forms

SPEECH Day this year falling when it does is no occasion for certain elements picking it up where they left off last year. Parents generally, though perhaps not the ones of the ones concerned, have dubbed our effort Screech Day through the back-benching that goes on, and Mr. Tingle does not look on his speech as any pleasure. First there is the college call that originated some years

ago to greet the speaker. So many extras have been subsequently added to this that it now offers to become most of the programme, and in any case Mr. Tingle feels it is better if all the verses are got through with in one lump and not in penny numbers every time he goes on to a new point. At some schools you can hear a pin drop, but here you could not tell if all the pins on the platform came loose.

Prize-winners are the quietest but the way they carry themselves is open to amendment. Clenching both hands in the air above their heads when going up to the dais and winking at all their friends on the way may be sociable but there are those who take it to the extent of a boxing booth with side-play and odds that make it look as if our school cannot afford to beat Bickley Grammar at the game.

One or two bright sparks cannot keep their talent for conjuring in bounds, and one got us in a heaven of a mess with the education committee last year, especially as his father is on it, by opening the book that he got as a prize and taking a cigar out of it and lighting up on the way back. This time Mr. Tingle will have matches ready on the platform so that there is no need for all the school to rush out with proffers of everything from the science museum's tinder-box to the latest flame-thrower, as everyone knows how angry Superintendent Squirt of the fire department gets when called out of bed on frivolity.

Let this year be marked as a year when our Speech Day was in keeping with what our elder brothers, etc., are doing out there. J. TINGLE, *Govr.*



"You won't 'arf cop it for being late for the invasion."

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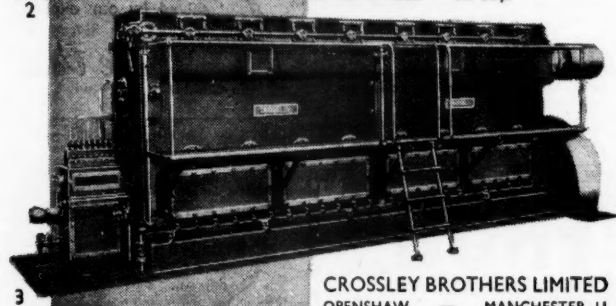
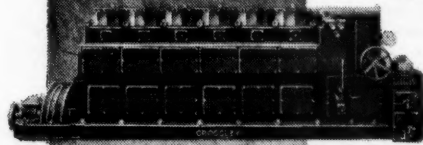
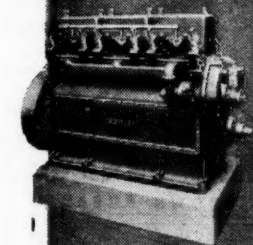


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THE illustrations show three types of Crossley diesels largely in use in power stations, and for ship propulsion and auxiliaries.

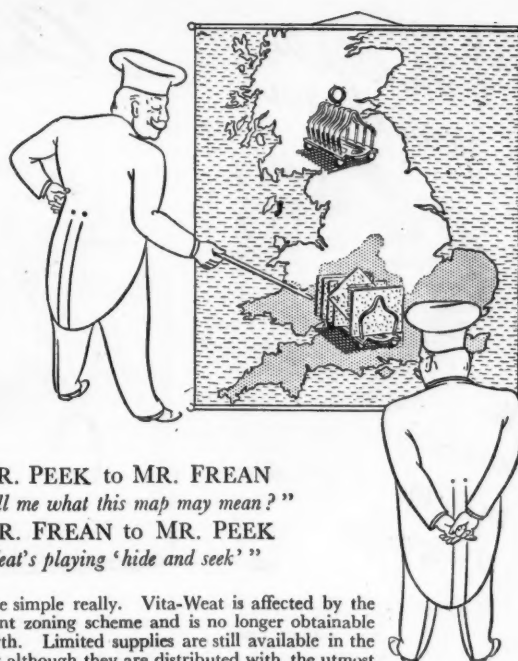
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"Pray tell me what this map may mean?"

Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK

"Vita-Weat's playing 'hide and seek'"

It's quite simple really. Vita-Weat is affected by the Government zoning scheme and is no longer obtainable in the North. Limited supplies are still available in the South, but although they are distributed with the utmost fairness, they often require a little 'seeking out!' Of course, Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean will be all over the map again as soon as the war is won.

Vita-Weat

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To R.N. Sea Gunner
Thanks*

Dear Sirs
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returning from an 'OP'ing,
life was saved by one of your
flying suits, as when I was
up after being knocked out
by the impact and thrown
from the Rear Turret. Freed from
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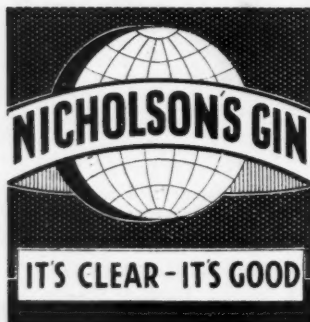
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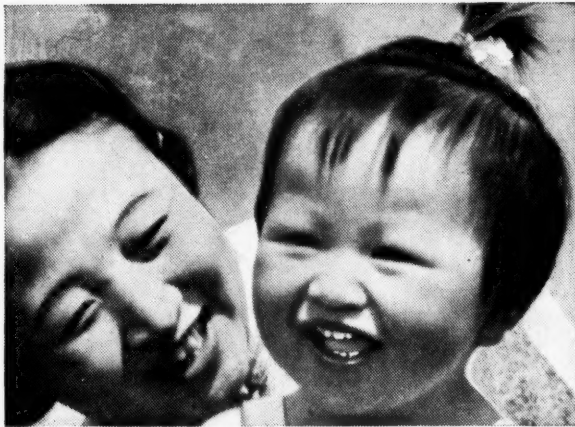
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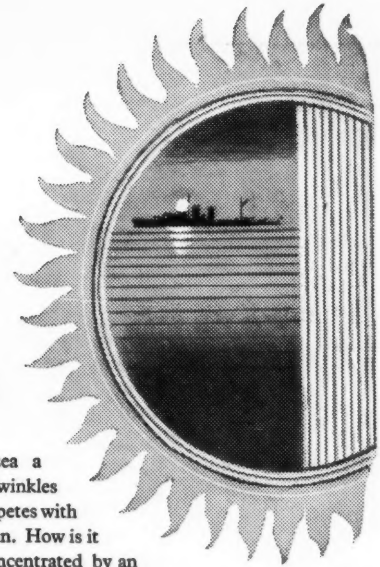
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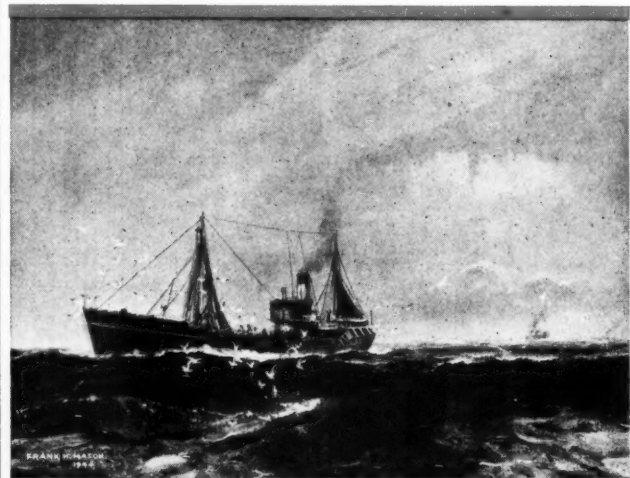
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